

ANTHONY JOSEPH • THE ARK

TEN

The journey to my tenth album started in 2005 when producer Antoine Rajon contacted me via Myspace. I'd uploaded two songs I'd recorded earlier that year with Andrew John, Colin Webster and Paul Zimmerman.

But the journey to that triad of sound is even longer, and starts in the late 70s, with my weekly visits to the Spiritual Baptist church, with my grandparents, deep east of the island. In those churches, hidden in the bush, I saw Leader Jimmy work the congregation into a frenzy with the gospel plough. I saw members catch power and speak in tongues. I heard music in the deep black tense – a spiritual music of the body – primal music which drew its bow from Benin but emerged there as hymns, sung and swung with much breath work and chanting, until they became hypnotic dirges punctuated by Leader Jimmy's exclamations, like the cry of a horn, lining out the track for the members to pass, with central intent to possess and transcend.

In 2005, when I started making music, again – after leading a black rock band in the early 90s – I was searching for something deeper, beyond the structured form, something freer which gave space to my poetry. I reached towards the melodies and gutty moans I heard in those churches and called my band The Spasm Band.

When Antoine reached out, it was because he had heard something in those songs which reminded him of the spiritual jazz he loved. He signed us for an EP, *Spirit Lash*, on his Heavenly Sweetness label, which was still in its infancy. With the small advance from that release, I went into the studio for a couple of days with the band and recorded an album's worth of music. *Leggo de Lion* was released by the Dutch label Kindred Spirits in 2007.

Heavenly Sweetness released our second album, *Bird Head Son* (2009), which featured an expanded line-up with three percussionists, guitar and two horns. We toured relentlessly and internationally in the following years, building a dedicated fan base and making some lasting friends along the way. I remember an interview I did in Paris when my sixth album, *Caribbean Roots*, was released. "Six albums!" I said, "Who gets to make six albums these days?" it was a valid question. It is rare that an artist – a poet? – is given a platform to release this much material. Rare for any musician, I think! For a record label, there are easier way of making money, and I am grateful to Frank Decollonges and Heavenly Sweetness for being in my corner for the last 20 years. I am also grateful to the musicians who have been in constant and beautiful orbit. They know who they are and that they are loved.

There was something right and aligned asking Dave Okumu to produce my tenth album. Apart from being one of the most innovative and natural musi-

cians I know, we also share a birthday – November 12 – and so we both speak a language in which music is alive and allowed to become what it will. In that spirit, where we are partly the interface, the music becomes filled with purpose, and that purpose is always to encourage encounters with the spaces between the beats – that magical, spiritual and mysterious space I call "the frequency of magic". Which takes me back to the church where the humming and heaving and glossolalia rise through the zinc roof to an apex of umbilical light, where the sun sketches its arc. It is there I greet myself within the infinity of the moment, in confluence with the poem, in the interstice between canvas and paint.

Anthony Joseph

London, 2026

1. JAMES

We were staying in a
warehouse near the Pulaski Bridge
in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.
The Delfonics were overflowing
from Hot 97. Deep soul.
The kinda soul that blows cold
as cold New York in December.
This would only happen once.
We had no hot heat, no running water.
But earlier, we had been discussing
Glissant, Fanon and Breton.
Ruminating upon Ted Joans and Bob Kauffman
before heading into the Village.
And James he was the greatest dancer
in the club that night. I had to stop
to watch him spin
when he threw his hands up and twirled, voguing
into something ecstatic,
as the sweat kept dripping from the walls
of the basement.
He threw his shirt open
to Archie Bell and the Drells.
He threw his head back
to somersault in his skin –
James!
The floor upstairs was different. It
was all orange haze and house.
More mellow the tempo, more
easy on the knees. It was cool,
that is until a tall black and
white dog entered the dance.
It had walked all the way
from some dirt skid village in Trinidad to New York.
Where it walked onto the
dance floor wagging its tail.
To bite them on their ankle.
To bite them on the knee.
To bite them while they dancing.
To bite them.
The dog bark hard in the people place.
The dog bus a laugh in the DJ face
The dog threw a bottle in the people dance.
The dog press a button and the dj jump.
And then to stand at the door

holding a razor blade rub with garlic
so people running out
Wouldn't know they get cut when
they running out and get cut
stupid – stupid.
When I told James that he was a dancer
with hips of precision, that he could move
– he leapt
And clicked his heels on St Marks Place,
'That's what they say', he
said, 'That's what they say!'

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Dan See - drums

Dave Okumu - bass, guitars, percussion, programming

Colin Webster - saxophone

Nick Ramm - Fender Rhodes

Aviram Barath - synthesizer

Eska Mtungwazi - vocals, vocal arrangement

2. BLUE SUSAN

Susan had seen the chrome towers of the spirit world.
She had moved through each room, in darkness,
like an illicit vapour. She had heard the
sorrowful blues of the South, the narcotic rumble
of its lowest frequencies.
She had stepped with bare feet upon the
wooden floor, and cold it was cold it was cold.
She had bent her head back to
stare at the impossible back of night.
But the door to heaven would
not open. Horror upon horror.
She wept hard and punctured the fabric
of sky lid, was torn out of momentum,
was sudden burst to bone and feathers
in a house of birds with wings threshing.
She had broken to water upon
the banks of an inconsolable river.
Her lungs were full of grapes.
She had crept with the skin of vipers, through moss
and silt, cool in the underbush after the flood.
She had opened every window in the
house and turned each photo around.
There was music in the two-step out new
morning, someone humming in the street,
piercing the stillness where light leaked in.
She stood on the liminal gap between her shadow
and her reflection, agonising upon her own death.
In Stockholm, upon that ship of sound,
she had again met the saxophonist.
And she had, for the first time listened carefully to
the truncated beauty of his obligatos and was
spirited away and spread open to possibility.
But she did not see his dark and
melancholy eye upon her, over the reed.
He saw the naked flesh of her neck, the
white beads of her necklace, of glass of
beads and insect bone, her shoulders, the
bone of her sternum, the sex of her mouth.
That night he would examine
each limb by limb by limb.
He would roll his tongue along her skin.
In the morning the hills seemed
to lung them both to breath.
He sat naked at the edge of the bed

with the hung horn between his legs.
The melody he had composed held
several smooth corners, notes of Don
Byas, hints of Turrentine's 'I Told Jesus'.
She listened, as if each song was the last song sung in heaven.
They embraced.
The wooden louvres rattled in the rugged dawn.
The swimming pool in the courtyard below was
deepest blue and barren within the fading summer light.

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Dan See - drums

Dave Okumu - bass, guitars, programming, percussion, background vocals

Colin Webster - saxophone

Aviram Barath - Fender Rhodes, synthesizer

Eska Mtungwazi - vocals, vocal arrangement

3. TRANSPOSITION OF SPACE (GLISSANT)

Transposition of space

in which the same rain that irrigates a field may circulate – return again, return again to irrigate the valley, return again as rain, as light, as light in a dream in which we are walking, streets which lean at degrees, searching for the home we left behind. Within the transposition of space, the sky the same the sun the same, the stars remain. But pity the immigrant who loses more than collective faith, transformed by distance - we scandalise our names. Streets we walked and left behind seem to reappear here, in this new, distant space. In cities in which we lose ourselves. In cities in which we may find the spiritual, which are sacred spaces in and of themselves - spatial axes of memory and forgetting. I read a poem once, in which the poet was fying a kite in Kensington Gardens, in the same wind that blew from the wet lands of Guyana, in the same sun that shone from Bridgetown, Barbados, the tail still fangled in the beams of a house on an old estate. And I have become more Caribbean here than when I fell asleep in the arms of an orange tree. Transposition of space, in which one place becomes another. Is that London, or is that the Western Main Road in St James, in Port of Spain. Or the road near the biscuit factory and its cinnamon air transposed to a street elsewhere, or how an island looks familiar from across the river. Surely this retention is the topography of loss and geography. Translocation of space-time as a meditation on loss - beloved space. I know roads I drove along saying, 'This happened here, that happened there' I know heat stays in the body. I know the Dutch door and the blue paint which was broken. But this place existed as a mirage and dance of glimpses of postcolonial imaginings - London was not real It was impressionist – rain and grey – the grey stone of a Doric pillar, high contrast black and white set against the static of the sky. Arthurian fog rising to my knees.

What light could exist in the promise of rain?
A road...
but the depth of field is shallow.
Unfurl of white and spume curling into the mind
and from the left of this frame - a cart, a wooden
bed – old hell – to carry sugar cane or cocoa
where the tray is laden down with cargo at 30 de
grees until it disappears into the whitefoam of history.
And then some old calypsonian is singing a
song born long before Windrush, born be
fore Aunt Agnes even reach here in London
in the very early seventies, and before Unde Harry
come to study civil planning,
Carib bean folk was here strolling down Piccadilly,
singing some old suit and tie song
about the wonders of empire. Tropic nostalgia,
when the empire was part of the Carib
bean or at least part of our consciousness
And I came to you that night connecting
in a gap of time so long memoried now
that we could hardly remember how we met
or what was said. We went walking that night
hallucinating on LSD in the backroads of Finsbury Park
lilting in the moonlight, arm in arm, as
the sky seemed to expand and rise further
then nearer with each breath.
How even in the darkness we felt safe and warm.
It was summer. The summer I spent
writing poems overlooking Hornsey Road
transposing time
into space.

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Dan See - drums

Dave Okumu - guitars, bass, programming, piano, Fender Rhodes

Nick Ramm - piano, Fender Rhodes

Byron Wallen - trumpet

James Wade Sired - trombone

4. THE AFRICAN ORGINS OF UFOS

And in the morning the city had disappeared,
nothing remained, just hills of
barren earth and valleys as far as visible
It seemed to have come upon
us swiftly, like a storm in the night.
Ships were leaving.
High up on the hills, I could see the smoke rise.
Dry word.
I'm ready now to step through the eye of this vortex.
Fixing a mask, a wooden helmet, Bay leaf
skull plate and shake to loose them lazy
bones, put bells on this bamboo saxophone
Ma Mara she whisper a word
to protect me on this starfight.
Ceboletta X give me strength.
Mara placed beads of siderite, obi seed and psychic
nut in a glass, marigold yellow for spirit force.
magnet root for clandestine theological exegesis.
She crack bergamot and ylang ylang oil and a
pale blue halo begin to buzz, absorbing and
absolving, becoming a transparent mirror, transmuting
and receiving in a synapse like spirit bass
walking five note natural scales and liquid tonic
triplet tones and fatted fifths that creeps in every
slip of time in this room with a dense scope
of feeling that rises through the palm branch
roof to some apex of umbilical light where the
sun sketched its arc: blue has no skeleton,
carambola: no shell, calling or in flesh indistinct.
The source of this light is high above hills.
-indistinct- hovering something shifting,
improbable angles on the sky lid.
It seems to transverse parallax and tremor in
the stiff breeze, to shiver in the yellow Poui tree
And when Mara falls, she collapses between breast
and shoulder, and her water tumbles, and her kidney
fails, and she falls spinning, spinning, spinning
Mother Mara, brown the hue of sunburnt clay, her
word a blaze with liquid text, her eyes with ancient suns.
Women of the village consulted her for the moon.
Even loa sought the solace of her brow.
She blessed blades and bows
and brewed herbal fetishes.
In exchange, the conquerors bring her baskets

of ripe corn, wild coffee, sabicu seed.
They made sure her ground was pressed fiat
and they gave her their secrets for safekeeping
Their children call her Maman of many names
She is the great goddess whose eyes shine like stars
- ma ve ma va ma ra ash ma i-sis - mother Mara
who sleeps in the sky but remembers all our names.

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Dan See - drums

Dave Okumu - bass, guitars, piano, Moog, programming, percussion,
background vocals

Nick Ramm - piano

Aviram Barath - synthesizer

5. THE ARK

Sun Ra was on the ark.

Prince Nico Mbarga – he was on the ark.

So was Art Taylor and Sonny Simmons and

Bessie Smith and Duke, all on the ark, and

Joe Tex and Geraldine Connor and

Giuseppi Logan, even The Roaring Lion and

Aunt Bunny were abdominally on the ark.

The Original Defosto was also on the ark.

Beat rivers of song upon the omele drum,

just a cutlass carpenter, no skill with

timber; four-eyed fish were on the ark.

Who playing war and fraid blood?

Who playing mas and fraid powder?

Who prevaricate and ruse, throwing holi

powder as ritual upon the ark, but don't

want ink or water to touch their clothes?

Who else was on the ark?

Max Roach was on the ark and Ras Shorty I

and Erin Dolphy and Amiri Baraka,

Ras Eilebank and Harry Belafonte – them

was high up upon the boat. Babatunde!

He was on the ark, Olatunji! He was on the bow.

Mama drum, you say you coming to come,

but you never reach as far as the leader

house, you never hear his sawed-off speaker

drum boom dub roots all around the village/

bashelor life, and then you hear he bulling

three women in the congregation, and the

Shepherd rasing crook-stick and tapping his

foot when the hymn swing, but is suffer he

suffering in silence, because he wandering if,

while he in church, rocking on his heels, his

woman horning him with Leader Jim when night

come, and he need a seer man to prophesy,

or to tack back and catch them in slackness.

But his faith was firm.

Every Sunday he in church.

He was on the ark, in brogues.

Beti was on the ark, Mong, and Vino in pyjamas,

the wild moon fever in his throat performance

poet and stand-up comic, both were on the boat.

And the ark was full, but more was to

come and they coming still. Ethel Waters

was on the ark, singing 'Creole Gold'.

Octavia Butler, hip good, up upon this boat.
Eric Eustace Williams, dead and living same
time, was also wrapped in kente. Fats Waller,
Courtney Jones and Winifred Atwell, Lennox
Raphael, even Gang Gang Sara, blown
from Guinea to Les Coteaux, Tobago, who
had climbed the great Silk Cotton tree,
intention to fly back to Africa, but who fell to
stony death because she had eaten salt.
Then Darcus Howe and the Mighty Spoiler. The
Mighty Terror and The Mighty Zandolie in proper
soft pants, throwing vitamins down his throat.
Zando alive but livina amona the dead,
crocking wood around stickman nean
Then Pharoah Sanders reach with Yusef Lateef: Earl
Lovelace laugh: he see Eric Roach reach on the
ark, his book of poems still warm under his arm.
When the ark had two days to go before it
reached southampton, here come brother
Resistance, Karl the Voice and Benjamin
Zephaniah, here come John La Rose and
Charles Mingus, here come Lord Kitchener
in on his way back from New York in 1957;
here come Paul Robeson and Beryl McBurnie
– even Olive Walke rode unon that boat.
This was the year the Great Bandit graduate
from bandit school and rob 40,000
men in San Fernando, ehwn the rives washed
down from the Million Hills and cleansed
the city, and who eh drown, badly waterlogged,
and who eh dead, badly wounded.
And the Great Bandit came down with his
escort and chariot to survey the land, and
found poor black folk had hidden in holes
in the earth and in barrels sealed shut
with laglee sap from the breadfruit tree.
But the poets were wise and hid
in trees and were never found.
And the Bandit rode on, and the houses of
dukes and spooks and prime ministers were
burnt to the around, and al arouna the empassy
route, those grand facades of colonial times
were volcanically cast to ash and plundered.
Then the Bandit moved west, searching for that
gold-throated woman who, alter making disco

love to him one morning, ventured him up to the
hills overlooking the cit, behind the bridge and
quarry and show him where his own navel string
bury, and he wonder how he never imagine his
own island as a map; it grids and lay lines, the
white spume foaming at the lips of the coast.
Years hence, the Bandit went knocking
at discotheque doors, but the woman
was gone; she was upon the ark,
anointed with olive oil and secret colours.
Auntie Ursula was on the ark, Peter Lezama, then
Dominique Gaumont, as was Milton Cardona
and Rosetta/Tharpe and Odetta, C.L.R. James,
the poets Gylan Kain and Gboyega Odubanjo,
but not Kamau Brathwaite he was not on the
ark, instead Baba, the great teacher, had
long since evaporated into air, into language,
into sound into the very sex fruit or poetry.
And the ark drove up to Bristol, Brixton,
Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester
too; it swooned into New York, Boston
and Chicago; New Orleans see it too.
Then it swing down to Haiti. Cuba Jamaica,
Suriname, Guyana. Remember, this ark respects no
boundaries or Archimedes, it moves like a crown
on a draughts board, any damn where it choose.
Look, it pass through Aruba, Trinidad,
Grenada; it move up on the Orinoco
River, and it never wear necktie yet.
it come up from the Southern Caribbean, all
the way up to Pascagoula Bay, yes, yes, yes,
Yusef Ahmed was on the boat, even Steven
Samuel Gordon, the brother Spaceape,
was on the bow blowing the big abeng!

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Tom Skinner - drums

Dave Okumu - guitars, bass, Moog, Jupiter vocals, percussion

Giacomo Smith - saxophone

6. YOUR BIRD & I

Your bird and I
above an ocean of tigers.
You to your cage
by increments
by measures.
Your bird and I
in perilous air but flying.
If I did not I may
show you
a wider geography.
I may act as if
(I might) I may.
Maybe I have etheric sight.
Perhaps I compose
unwritten poems
with no words,
no meaning.
Perhaps I was a water bearer
in a past life
with a dream scroll unravelling
with perfect pitch,
with all intention to disappear
like air, to write with no theory of sound
beyond the ear.
Your bird and I
and our chemicals
of surprise, our sex of heat
and suspense.
Invisible eyes
in arenas of dexterity.
In arenas of the physical arenas of
intimate textology as blushing heat
as the sharp leaf of cane.
I encountered a ghost along a leaning
road, encountered its black heart
remains wounded – torn like
in a shallow river, like our true names
which remain on the riverbed
of some blood soaked land,
remains a moth
pinioned upon breath.
Your bird and I in the notion of your cage.
In the manner of our lives,
by increments and measures,

in perilous waters, in sea shanties
and co-efficiency by fight
or a candle's blade.
To be spun upon your axis
is surely to be flying.

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Dan See - drums

Dave Okumu - guitars, bass, Moog, programming, percussion

Nick Ramm - Fender Rhodes, synthesizer

Aviram Barath - synthesizer

7. BARON SAMEDI

I had gone to move the rain from the balcony when suddenly the night came in. I walked on the outside edge behind the balustrade – was sudden death blow, I said, Below. I went back in to that same apartment where our first daughter was born. But everything felt different. Someone had set himself up as DJ by moving my amp and amplitude spinning overused tunes from old blues dance and country weddings – Baron Samedi – with the lambs bread skank – blue rockers. I said, 'Who built this station, this system, this sound? With which machine does the rhythm run? Selector, please. Who bring echo chamber to stutter over my two three tune and radiogram?' I start to unplug wire one time! Make the dancers have to sit on hessian rugs and wait till I unravel this mess of wires, until the rain stops and the music starts again. I'm on a mountain of fire almost touching the sky. On a mountain of fire, almost touching the sky. From a room in a sailors song, quay side and drift wood blowing up through the ground. From ill slippages of sound, from that which is hidden and that which is found. And then I am lighting a fire, it looks like a puddle of black tar, it looks like oil in the gravel – a black hole – it looks like – I cup my hands to frame the spark. At first nothing happens – then the star explodes. I am all in black. Tall hat and cane. Perched surprisingly high upon this mountain of fire. I am in the swaddling of dust. Smoking a pipe. Give the dancers in the living room the old quartet play them the cool shiver, the old soft bone. There was that hall, The Perseverance where the quartet first played, where glass was burst and scattered, where the reed split like a forked tongue. Split – like a bell ringing twice in a chapel hid in bush. Gust of the sea had caught my tongue. Give them the whirl and the howl and the salt upon it. Bitter with the blight of white lice on the leaves. Shouldn't all these things should emerge from the horn bright as the sun? Saturday night in his bachelor's room, Baron Samedi, in his iron sharp suit. Standing Solid in the edges like James. Stolid in the heel, like Brown. Cold in the flick and fair, leaning in to shake a hand while looking like the back of some Mighty Sparrow album from 1969. Like some dry boned Cab Calloway strung out whip-like. But didn't we rise up that night? Didn't we sit down after four choruses? Didn't we all dream of Dophy while he played his horn in the atrium of a seaside hotel? And when he blew, didn't he grow like a wound

in newborn wood? Didn't he laugh with a gutty moan
and split the city that night like a fugitive priest? Baron
Samedi, in the incense taxi. Get crowned. I had gone to
move the rain that night, but being so out of synch like
an island which breaks away from the main I walked on
the outside edge of the tower – it was burning. I stepped
light behind the balustrade – was sudden death blow,
I said, 'Below' and leapt. I went flying over the world with
my eyes closed. I heard a DJ in the distance play, 'Mr
Sea' but dubwise and this sound would blow around the
valley. Baron Samedi in the darkest of shades. White light
can't touch his eyes. With the bull skull cane, top hat and
tails, with knowledge of systems of sound, with knowledge
of the dead and the outer rim of spirit paths and stars
He say he say he say. My grandfather won't kiss me on
the lips. He grins like tse-tse fly bite him in both eyes, pulls
and rears his growl, he says, 'I got bout six hundred man
to pay, Tone, where I getting that money from?' Then he
up and bump rugged across the dust. When he leaves
I cut my left hand off at the wrist and put it in the fridge.
Maman told me 'Not the freezer: blood dot and corpus-
cle'. Top of the fridge was where my tape deck sat in 1982,
waiting to catch Casey Kasem with the red button. In the
same shed the old man, kept his chisels and his hack-saw
blades. I checked the minute hand. Later, they were
cold. The fingers: curled. I massaged the palm and knew
it could be better stitched. My mouth didn't shut right.
Doctor said he'd have to operate, fix my head, rebuild my
gum by gum in plastic rooms with fibre optics, enamel
and after there was a knot of surgical wire on the left side
back of my skull. Now every time I open my mouth too
wide it pulls from the back of my throat. I worry that the
cable might burst. But it were strong. I seen it done before
– they use same string for everything even the universe.

Anthony Joseph - vocals

Richard Spaven - drums

Dave Okumu - guitars, bass, piano, programming, percussion

Aviram Barath - Moog, Fender Rhodes

Colin Webster - saxophone

Anthony Joseph's Thank Yous:

Thanks to my family, to Louise and Keiko & Meena. Thank you, Dave, for what has been and continues to be a transcendent experience. To all the musicians who contributed to this project, both in the studio and live: Eska, Dan, Avi, Tom, Nick, Colin, James, Leo, Chelsea, Harvey, Joe, Spry, Renatto, Carlos, Byron, Richard, Giacomo - We're here because of what you played. Love & gratitude to my manager Rob Farhat, to my label Heavenly Sweetness and the team - Franck, you really are the funkiest president, thank you Gaspard, love you guys, thank you Claire Henault, more love to Chris Beschi for his gifts behind the lens, to Raimund Wong, for creating such epic cover art and to Jean-Louis Duralek, as always, for the most copacetic graphic design, thank you Kevin Le Gendre, far reaching love to my North American connections: Ivy Wilson for his insightful liner notes & Anthony Thomas for his generosity of spirit. Members don't get weary.

Dave Okumu's Thank Yous:

Gratitude always to god for the gift of music, relationship, process and purpose. Thankyou to all who make space for the opportunity to serve through sound. Thankyou to everyone who contributed to these recordings, and to all who lend their ears. Thankyou to Anthony for trusting me with your words. Thank you to my family, musical and spiritual. Thankyou to my beloved son Django, the apple of my eye.

DEDICATIONS

This album is dedicated to two dear friends whom I lost during its development. My friend **Bunny Bread** (Rudel James, aka Create Not Destroy) - photographer, painter, DJ, designer, fashionista, muralist, and a much-beloved figure in our community - was in the midst of preparing the album art for this release when he sadly and suddenly left us. The design he was working on was intended to expand the narrative of the *Rowing Up River* cover art so that when both albums were unfolded and placed side by side, a wide and colourful Afrofuturist spacecape would emerge. His unfinished sketch - the final one he sent to me in July 2025, three months before he died - is used here in the centre spread as a tribute to him and his artistry. Bunny, this one is yours.

Adrian Owusu, artist, guitarist, and psychedelic bluesman - a brother I had known and cherished for 35 years - also passed away in July 2025. Adrian and I met when we both worked at Tower Records in Piccadilly. He did the artwork for my first collection of poems, was my best man - my ace, my beloved late night listening partner. Adrian recorded with us in Paris, playing some timeless guitar on the *Bird Head Son* album (that's him channeling the blues in his solo on *Jungle*, and rolling and tumbling through the title track). He was in the band when we toured that album throughout Europe, and we later worked together in the Heliocentrics. But above all, this man was a close, close friend - a gentle and beautiful human being. Good brother, this is also for you.

A1	James	07:13
A2	Blues Susan	04:55
B1	Transposition of Space (Glissant)	07:56
B2	The African Origins of UFOs	05:12
C1	The Ark	08:47
C2	Your Bird & I	04:19
D1	Baron Samedi	11:16

All lyrics by Anthony Joseph

All songs engineered by Nick Powell and Dave Okumu

Recorded at Unit 9 & The Barn / Mixed by Don Parry / Mastered by Shawn Joseph at Optimum Mastering

Front & back artwork by Raimund Wond, based on portraits by Bunny Bread and nebulae images from ESO.

Graphic Design by Jean-Louis Duralek

From the same session as «Rowing Up River To Get Our Names Back»

Listen her with Tom Skinner, Eska Mtungwazi, Colin Webster, Nick Ramm, Aviram Barath, Byron Wallen, James Wade Sired, Dan See, Richard Spaven, Giacomo Smith.

The Ark - Produced by Dave Okumu

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